

# A SMASH IN CHINA! — A CUT IN FURNITURE!

The Greatest Xmas Chance of All. The Grandest Opportunity the People of Winchester and Clark County Have Ever Had to Get Queensware, Furniture and Rugs at Really Reduced Prices. Look at what we offer:

## Furniture.

From now to Dec. 25, a 20 to 25 per cent. cut on every article of Furniture in the house.

**THE REASON**—We have gone in with a Chicago Syndicate to purchase our Spring stock, so that we must have room for our share of the new spring goods.

**Morris Chairs**—The ideal Chair for men who want real comfort, in mahogany, mission or golden oak.

**Chiffoniers**—Some of the richest new designs in oak and mahogany.

**Chefferobes**—The very latest thing for gentlemen.

**Parlor Furniture**—An unusually large and attractive line.

**Dining Tables**—Give the dining room a thought this Christmas.

**Easy Rockers**—Large line of easy rockers for the parlor or fireside.

## Queensware.

The stock of Queensware that we ordered for delivery Nov. 1907 for the Christmas trade of a year ago has just arrived. The steamer bringing it to America was wrecked and sunk in the Atlantic. The stock was recovered—the Queensware is as good as when it left the maker's hand. Because of the catastrophe the price we finally paid was less than 50c on the \$1. Come and see the fancy ware, Salads, Plates, Cups, Ornaments of all kinds. Here is a sample of our selling prices:

\$1.25 Plates are priced from 65c to 85c. \$1 Plates are priced from 50c to 65c. \$2.50 Salad Dishes go for \$1.25.

## Rugs.

We carry all kinds and sizes. On every rug in the house we offer a cut. Look at a few of the prices.

Good 9 x 12 Tapestry Brussels.....\$11.00 Good 9 x 12 Axminster.....\$21.50  
Good 9 x 12 Moquettes.....\$21.50

Beat These Prices if You Can.

This is no Fake Sale. We mean just what we say. The Same Old Firm in the Same Old Place.

# The Winn Furniture Company.

## CHRISTMAS IN DEAR OLD WINCHESTER

Story of a Christmas Gift and the Far-Reaching Effects Therefrom.

[From Sun-Sentinel.]

For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be on his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor, The mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.—Luke 2:10.

### A True Story.

This is a true story, with all the parties yet alive, save one little girl, who has gone across the River to "rest under the shade of the trees."

### It Was Christmas Eve.

It was Christmas eve in 1892, a cold drizzling rain, was falling, night was coming on, there was a hurry and bustle in all Winchester. The rich in vehicles and the poor on foot were hunting "Santa Claus."

Broke, not a cent, yet having a spirit in me to go home to wife and children. That's where I had not reckoned well. My little girl met me at the door with letters to Old Santa. She wanted him to bring her a doll that would close its eyes, some candy, cakes and Roman candles, and to bring Mamma and Papa something nice. My boy wanted a story book, some candy, and fire crackers. And as I said, I had not a cent. If I have met a more trying time in my life, I do not remember it.

My wife noticed the tears in my eyes, and with a heart full of love for me, though I had thrown to the winds my earnings for the week, she sympathized with me and could not stay her tears. It seemed as though our hearts would break. She broke the silence and said: "Papa, I'll make them some tea cakes and candy, and they will be as well satisfied as though Old Santa had really come." I said: "I will try to borrow some money," but she said she would rather I would not.

I donned my overcoat and left the house. Little Jessie called after me: "Papa, be sure and tell Santa about my Roman candles." As I turned to close the gate, wife whispered to me: "Please don't drink anything to-night." Placing my arm around her shoulders, I said: "I will not. Trust me."

It was still drizzling. I wended my way down in the gay old town. The first man I had conversation with said: "By the way, come by as you go home; I have a quart of good old Taylor whiskey that I am going to give you for Christmas." Thank God, I had the courage to say: "No, thank you. I don't care for it."

With a burdened heart, I went on

and just as I got opposite West's ten cent store, a gentleman (and when I say gentleman I mean all that the word implies) stepped out and greeted me cordially, saying: "Well, you have come down to see Old Santa for the children, I suppose." And the tears wouldn't stay back, and I looked at him in the eyes and said: "I haven't got a cent." Oh, bless the milk of human kindness. He ran his hand in his pocket and said: "The children must have something. Take this, and let old Kris Krinkle come to see them to-night."

So saying, he pressed a bill into the palm of my hand. I turned to go home, after thanking him, and as we were going the same way for a short distance, he admonished me against the wine cup and buying that which is not bread, and that spoils men's lives and men's souls. He had under his arms many bundles for his two boys and three girls, and the largest package I surmised was for Miss Belle, his sweet wife.

### I Walked Swiftly.

A fawn never moved with fleetest steps than did I, from George Bros.' corner to my humble cottage, not having as yet looked at my bill. At home I passed on through to the kitchen. My wife followed me and we looked at my bill. It was a five. I told her where I got it, and like Jonathan and David we clasped each other in an embrace and wept together. She put on a wrap, and we told the children to be good, and we would soon find Old Santa.

The little ones were remembered beyond their wildest anticipations by Old Santa Claus that night, and would you believe it, the same kind gentleman who had given me the money, sent us a nice Christmas turkey the next morning.

### Thanks to God.

Wanting to give honor to God for the gift of his Son and for Christmas, we went into our front room and with the boy at the organ—though only about twelve years of age, he was then a fair organist—we sang the beautiful hymn: "Hark, my Soul, it is the Lord 'Tis thy Savior, hear his word: Jesus speaks and speaks to thee: 'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me? I delivered thee when bound And when wounded healed thy wound; Saw thee wandering, set thee right, Turned thy darkness into light. Can a mother's tender care Cease to ward the child she bears? Yes, she may forgetful be Yet will I remember thee. Mine is an unchanging love Higher than the heights above, Deeper than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as Death."

### Let's Make All Glad.

Let us make all the children glad this Christmas of 1908. Let "How Shall I do it?" be the question of every man and woman. Shall I take a hundred dollars and make a Christmas present to one person who perhaps would not or could not

appreciate it, or shall I take ten dollars and make one hundred children glad that Christmas has come, and they were not neglected nor forgotten. It is not the intrinsic value of the gift that maketh the heart glad but the spirit in which the gift is given. And the reward to the giver is already assured, in that the Blessed Master says: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, my little ones, ye did it unto me." H. D. Colerane.

**Author's Note.**—Mr. Perry, 'twas you who gave me the money and the turkey. I can't forget it. For five years, about this time, it has come fresh to my memory. It was the sweetest Christmas I ever experienced. You need not give my name if you do not think it best. If you can't print it in the Sun-Sentinel as news, print it as an advertisement and I will pay for it. And there is nothing too good for you. Whenever you need me, call on me. I am sure you will not ask anything but what is right.

Your Obedient Servant,  
H. D. Colerane.

**Note by the Editor.**—The incident that is personal to me, I had forgotten. This I consider the best letter that I ever received. H. D. Colerane is a colored man. He worked for me many years. He is a fine mechanic and received good wages, but as he says, spent it for drink. A change came. He quit drinking. He is now and has been for a number of years like a ministering angel to his people; honored and respected by all classes. He has prospered, and is in good circumstances financially. I believe that he owes more to his good wife than to any other human being. In all the years of his dissipation she was kind, loving and gentle. The little girl died, and the boy, Chester, is a man, and such a man as his father and mother can be proud of. He is one of the city mail carriers, appointed by my recommendation. R. R. Perry.

### FORD.

Shirley Flynn fell this week, and suffered a painful, though not serious, fracture of the wrist.

I. M. Hubbard has resigned his position as Principal of the Ford Graded School.

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Flynn are visiting their son, Ralph, at Valley View.

Mr. Kiser, representing Taylor and Mason, of Buffalo, N. Y., is in Ford.

James Gibson, representing Flood & Co., of Lexington, was in Ford, one day this week.

J. W. Park, was in Winchester, one day this week.

Andrew Dykes was in Ford, Wednesday.

Joe King, formerly of Ford, but now of Florida, visited friends here, this week.

A. E. Gibbens, of Hanging Rock, Ohio, is visiting relatives, here.

W. H. Morton, of Illinois, is vis-

iting his brothers, Messrs. Ed and Frank Morton, here.

E. W. Dixon, representing Hibbens & Co., of Cincinnati, was in Ford, one day last week.

Robt. Elkin and family have been visiting in Estill county.

Judge J. M. Benton was in Ford, Friday.

H. J. Gates, of the Boone Lumber Company, was in Ford, Saturday. Jesse Merritt fell at the school house here, and broke the bones in his hand.

Mrs. Klare, of New Albany, Ind., has returned home, after a visit to her sister, here.

Bourbon Currant, of Richmond, was in Ford, Monday, visiting the latter's brother, Mr. Everett Henderson, in Bourbon county, this week.

Henry Young, of Madison county, has purchased the farm of C. W. Vermillion.

C. W. Vermillion bought of his brother, Ben Vermillion, his place of 55 acres and improvements, for \$2,200.

Mrs. Catherine Thomas is quite sick.

Mrs. Tyre Lovett has been quite sick, the past week.

Rev. J. H. Wilson, of Lexington, preached morning and evening at the Ford Christian church, Sunday. The morning subject was "Home Missions" and the subject in the evening was: "In the Cross of Christ I glory."

Clarence Moberly, of Ford, visited in Winchester, one day the past week.

Mrs. W. F. Smith was in Winchester shopping, Monday.

### LOGAN LICK.

Mr. Ben Tapp is visiting his daughter, Mrs. Claude Goodpaster, in Jessamine county.

Mr. Miles Locknane is very ill of lung trouble.

Ida Watts, of Winchester, was the guest of J. W. Green and family, Saturday and Sunday.

Bud Warren, of Pretty Run, was in this vicinity on business, this week.

Earl C. Whitney is here, prospecting for oil.

### RANKIN.

Mrs. L. B. Hanks sold to Howard Wilson last week, a bunch of shoats at \$4.80 per cwt.

J. W. Martin sold a heifer for \$20. W. R. Ewing went to Stanton on business, recently.

Rev. M. M. Roundtree is holding a meeting at Owen Chapel.

Mrs. Sue Allen and daughter, Miss Pearl, were guests of Mrs. L. B. Hanks, last week.

Rev. Mr. Roundtree was the guest of W. D. Owen, last week.

Mrs. L. B. Hanks sold to John Daniel four acres of land and a barn. Price unknown.

John Daniel bought a farm from Wallace Hutsel. Price unknown.

W. H. Fox and Harvey Ewing spent a few days last week with friends and relatives at Red House.



## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

are usually generous. If you are thinking of some one in poor circumstances let us suggest that you order us to deliver at that one's door a ton of our first class coal. Let others supply the turkey and good things to eat. Show that you are practical in your giving by having us send the coal with which to cook them. Feed your hens purina and get eggs.

The WINN-MARTIN COAL & SUPPLY CO.  
INCORPORATED.



## A CHRISTMAS SURPRISE

it will be to you when you don a suit that has been cleaned at MAYER BROS. It will be like a Xmas gift of a new suit of clothing, and will do the same service the rest of the Winter. It is economy to keep your clothing cleaned and pressed at

the

Cincinnati Tailors.

Phone 528. Next to Auditorium.



## SANTA CLAUS' SEAT

in his famous sleigh must need repairing by this time. How about that seat in your carriage, or any other part of the vehicle? We do all kinds of carriage repairing except the poor kind. Bring your carriage here and have us put it in shape for the holidays.

THERE'S TIME YET.

T. Strother Scott.



## Citizens National Bank.

Paid up Capital \$100,000.

Surplus \$42,000.

## WE SOLICIT YOUR BUSINESS.

Will give you courteous treatment and attend promptly and carefully to all business entrusted to us

J. D. Simpson, Pres.

A. H. Hampton, Cashier.

T. F. Phillips V. Pres.

J. W. Poynter, Ass't Cashier.

**Philosophical.**  
A girl with freckles feels just as philosophical about them as the man does about being in a stock market panic.—New York Press.

**The Difficulty.**  
One objection some people have to getting back to nature is that nature is so poorly equipped with push buttons.—Puck.